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Catharine and Petruchio.

A

COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

As it is perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-lane*,

AND

At the THEATRE in *Edinburgh*,

Alter'd from

SHAKESPEAR's Taming of the Shrew.

With ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS,

BY

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

8514

EDINBURGH:
Printed by MATTHEW JARVIE, and sold at his Printing-house on the New-stairs, and by the Booksellers in town. M, DCC, LVI.

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15547
May 1873

Thomas Prentiss Boston

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

	LONDON.	EDINBURGH.
Petruchio,	Mr. Woodward.	Mr. [redacted] Creſwa
Baptiſta,	Mr. Burton.	Mr. Heyman
Hortenſio,	Mr. Mozeen.	Mr Moriſon.
Grumio,	Mr. Yates.	Mr. Lancaſhire.
Muſick-Maſter.	Mr. Jefferſon.	Mr. Hallier.
Biondello,	Mr. Blakes.	Mr. Davenport.
Pedro,	Mr. Clough.	Mr. Hopkins.
Taylor,	Mr. H. Vaughan.	Mr. Fox.

W O M E N.

Catharine,	Mrs. Clive.	Mrs. Ward.
Bianca,	Mrs Bennet.	Miſs Welles.
Curtis,	Mrs. Bradſhaw.	Mrs. Davenport.

Servants to *Petruchio,* &c.

SCENE, *PADUA.*

Catharine and Petruchio.

ACT I.

SCENE, Baptiſta's *Houſe*.

Enter Baptiſta, Petruchio *and* Grumio.

Bap. THUS have I, 'gainſt my own ſelf-intereſt,
Repeated all the worſt you are t' expect
From my ſhrewd daughter, *Cath'rine*; if you'll venture,
Maugre my plain and honeſt declaration,
You have my free conſent, win her, and wed her.

Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, thus it ſtands with me,
Anthonio, my father, is deceaſed.
You knew him well, and knowing him, know me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd.
And I have thruſt myſelf into the world,
Haply to wive and thrive as beſt I may:
My buſineſs aſketh haſte, old Signior,
And ev'ry day I cannot come to wooe.
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That cov'nants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Yes, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
My daughter's love, for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I'll tell you, father,
I am as peremptory, as ſhe is proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and wooe not like a babe.

Bap. As I have shew'd you, Sir, the coarser side,
Now, let me tell you she is young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman;
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is, that she is intolerably froward;
If that you can away with, she is yours.
Now tell me, will you wooe her?

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds?
Have I not heard great ord'nance in the field?
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitch'd battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! Tush! scare boys with bugs.

Bap. Then thou'rt the man,
The man for *Catharine*, and her father too:
That shall she know, and know my mind at once.
I'll portion her above her gentle sister,
New-marry'd to *Hortensio*:
And if with scurril taunt, and squeamish pride,
She make a mouth, and will not taste her fortune,
I'll turn her forth to seek it in the world;
Nor henceforth shall she know her father's doors.

Pet. Say'st thou me so? Then as your daughter, Signior,
Is rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife;
Be she as curst as *Socrates' Xantippe*,
She moves me not a whit—Were she as rough,
As are the swelling *Adriatic* seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*;

If

If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.
Bap. Well may'ſt thou wooe, and happy be thy ſpeed ;
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.
Pet. Aye, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, tho' they blow perpetually.
[Catharine *and the* Muſic-maſter *make a noiſe within.*]
Muſick-maſter, *within.*
Help ! Help !
Catharine, *within.*
Out of the houſe, you ſcraping fool.
Pet. What noiſe is that ?
Bap. Oh, nothing ; this is nothing—
My daughter *Catharine*, and her Muſic-maſter ;
This is the third I've had within this month :
She is an enemy to harmony.

Enter Muſic-maſter.

How now, friend, why doſt thou look ſo pale ?
M. Maſt. For fear, I promiſe you, if I do look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician ?
M. Maſt. I think ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier ;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why then, thou can'ſt not break her to the lute ?
M. Maſt. Why no ; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her ſhe miſtook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets call you them ? quoth ſhe, I'll fret your fool's-cap :
And with that word, ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And thro' the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking thro' the lute :
While ſhe did call me raſcal-fidler,
And twangling *Jack*, with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.
Pet. Now by the world, it is a luſty wench,
I love her ten times more than e'er I did ;
Oh, how I long to have a grapple with her !
M. Maſt. I wou'd not make another trial with her,
To purchaſe *Padua* ; for what is paſt,

I'm

I'm paid sufficiently: If at your leisure,
You think my broken fortunes, head and lute,
Deserve some reparation, you know where
T'enquire for me; and so, good gentlemen,
I am your much disorder'd humble servant.

[*Exit.*

Bap. Not yet mov'd, *Petruchio!* do you flinch?

Pet. ~~I am more and more impatient. Sirs, and long~~
~~To be a partner in these favourite pleasures.~~

Bap. ~~O, by all means, Sir.~~—Will you go with me?
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you do, I shall attend her here.

[*Exit* Bap.

Grumio, retire, and wait my call within.

[*Exit* Grumio.

Since that her father is so resolute,
I'll wooe her with some spirit when she comes;
Say that she rail, why then, I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as the nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses, newly wash'd with dew;
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As tho' she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banes, and when be married.
But here she comes, and now, *Petruchio*, speak.

Enter Catharine.

Cath. How! turn'd adrift! not know my father's house!
Reduc'd to this, or none, the maid's last prayer;
Sent to be woo'd like bear unto the stake?
Trim wooing like to be!——and he the bear;
For I shall beat him——yet the man's a man.

Pet. ~~*Kate* in a calm——maids must not be wooers.~~
Good-morrow, *Kate!*—For that's your name I hear.

Cath.

Cath. Well have you heard, but impudently ſaid,
They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bonny *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curs'd;
But *Kate*—the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendom,
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation!
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
Thy affability, and baſhful modeſty,
(Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myſelf am mov'd to wooe thee for my wife.
Cath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you thither,
Remove you hence! I knew you at the firſt,
You were a moveable.
Pet. A moveable! why, what's that?
Cath. A joint-ſtool.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it; come, ſit on me.
Cath. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Alas! good *Kate*, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light——
Cath. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch.
[*Going.*
Pet. Come, come, ye waſp; i' faith you are too angry.
Cath. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My remedy, then, is to pluck it out.
Cath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. The fool knows where the honey is, ſweet *Kate*.
[*Offers to kiſs her.*
Cath. 'Tis not for drones to taſte.
Pet. That will I try. [*She ſtrikes him.*
I ſwear I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.—
Nay, come, *Kate*, come; you muſt not look ſo ſour.
Cath. How can I help it, when I ſee that face?
But I'll be ſhock'd no longer with the ſight.
[*Going.*
Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate*; in ſooth you 'ſcape not ſo.
Cath. I chafe you if I tarry, let me go.

Pet.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you paſſing gentle;
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar,
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers;
Thou can'ſt not frown, thou can'ſt not look aſcance,
Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk:
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conf'rénce, ſoft and affable.
Cath. This is beyond all patience, don't provoke me.
Pet. Why doth the world report that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh ſlanderous world! *Kate* like the hazle twig,
Is ſtrait, and ſlender, and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
Oh, let me ſee thee walk, thou doſt not halt.
Cath. Go fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian'* ſo become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber, with her princely gait?
Oh, be thou *Dian'* and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaſte, and *Dian'* ſportful.
Cath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Cath. A witty mother, witleſs elſe her ſon.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Cath. Yes, in your own conceit,
Keep yourſelf warm with that, or elſe you'll freeze.
Pet. Or rather warm me in thy arms, my *Kate!*
But, come, come, ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms; your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you, *Kate*.
Cath. Whether I will or no!—O fortune's ſpight!
Pet. Nay, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn;
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well)
Thou muſt be marry'd to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, *Kate*.
Cath. That will admit diſpute, my ſaucy groom.
Pet. Here comes your father; never make denial,

I muſt

I muſt and will have *Catharine* for my wife.

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Now Signior, now, how ſpeed you with my daughter?

Pet. How ſhould I ſpeed but well, Sir? How but well? It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter *Catharine*, in your dumps?

Cath. Call you me daughter? Now I promiſe you,
You've ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Bap. Better this *Jack* than ſtarve, and that's your portion.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; yourſelf, and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy;
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, ſhe will prove a ſecond *Grizel*,
And *Roman Lucrece*, for her chaſtity:
And, to conclude, we've 'greed ſo well together,
We've fix'd to-morrow for the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll ſee thee hang'd to-morrow firſt—to-morrow!

Bap. Petruchio, hark; ſhe ſays ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt. Is this your ſpeeding?

Pet. Why, Sir,
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.

Cath. A plague upon his impudence!—I'm vex'd—
I'll marry my revenge, but I will tame him. [*Aſide.*

Pet. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me; Oh! the kindeſt *Kate!*
She hung about my neck, and kiſs on kiſs,
She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.

Oh!

Oh! you are novices; 'tis a world to see
How tame, when men and women are alone——
Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will now away
To buy apparel for my gentle bride:
Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests.

Bap. What dost thou say, my *Catharine?* Give thy hand.

Cath. Never to man shall *Catharine* give her hand:
Here 'tis, and let him take it an' he dare.

Pet. Were it the fore-foot of an angry bear,
I'd shake it off—but as 'tis *Kate*'s, I kiss it.

Cath. You'll kiss it closer, e'er our moon be wain'd.

Bap. Heav'n send you joy, *Petruchio*—'tis a match.

Pet. Father, and wife, adieu. I must away,
Unto my country-house, and stir my grooms,
Scower their country rust, and make them fine,
For the reception of my *Catharine*.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
To-morrow, *Kate*, shall be our wedding-day. [*Exit.*

Bap. Well, daughter, tho' the man be somewhat wild,
And thereto frantic, yet his means are great;
Thou hast done well to seize the first kind offer,
For by thy mother's soul 'twill be the last.

Cath. My duty, Sir, hath follow'd your command.

Bap. ~~Art thou in earnest? Hast no trick behind?~~
I'll take thee at thy word, and send t'invite
My son-in-law *Hortensio*, and thy sister,
And all our friends to grace thy nuptials, *Kate*. [*Exit.*

Cath. Why yes; sister *Bianca* now shall see
The poor abandon'd *Catharine*, as she calls me,
Can hold her head as high, and be as proud,
And make her husband stoop unto her lure,
As she, or e'er a wife in *Padua*.
As double as my portion be my scorn;
Look to your seat, *Petruchio*, or I throw you.
Catharine shall tame this haggard;— or if she fails,
Shall tie her tongue up, and pare down her nails.
[*Exit.*

End of the First Act.

ACT II.

Enter Baptiſta, Hortenſio, Catharine, Bianca *and attendants.*

Bap. SIGNIOR *Hortenſio*, this is the 'pointed day,
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married;
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law.
What will be ſaid? What mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays *Hortenſio* to this ſhame of our's?

Cath. No ſhame but mine; I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of ſpleen,
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll wooe a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor *Catharine*,
And ſay, lo! there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife,
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Bia. Such haſty matches ſeldom end in good.

Hor. Patience, good *Cath'rine*, and *Bianca* too;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well,
Whatever fortune ſtays him from his word,
Tho' he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Cath. Would I had never ſeen his honeſty.—
Oh! I could tear my fleſh for very madneſs
[*Exit* Catharine.

Bap. Follow your ſiſter, girl, and comfort her.
[*Exit* Bianca.

I cannot blame thee now to weep and rage,
For ſuch an injury would vex a ſaint ;
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter, news ; and ſuch news as you never heard of.

Bap. Is *Petruchio* come ?

Bion. Why no, Sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is coming ; but how ? Why in a new hat, and an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned ; a pair of boots that have been candle caſes, one buckled, another lac'd ; an old ruſty ſword, ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points ; his horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrups of no kindred ; beſides poſſeſs'd with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine, troubled with the lampaſſe, infected with the farcy, full of windgalls, ſped with ſpavins, raied with the yellows, paſt cure of the fives, ſtark ſpoiled with the ſtaggers, be-gnawn with the bots, waid in the back, and ſhoulder ſhotten, near legg'd before, and with a half check'd bit ; and a head-ſtall of ſheep-leather, which being reſtrained, to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with knots ; one girt ſix times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him ?

Bion. O, Sir, his lacquey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe, with a linen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot hoſe on the other, gartered with a red and blue liſt, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd upon it for a feather ; a monſter ! a very monſter in apparel, and not like a chriſtian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Enter

Enter Petruchio, *and* Grumio, *fantaſtically habited.*

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? Who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. Well am I come then, Sir.

Bap. Not ſo well 'parel'd as I wiſh you were.

Pet. Why were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus:
But where is *Kate?* where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wond'rous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-day
Firſt, we were ſad, fearing you would not come,
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided,
Fie! doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate;
An eye ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.

Hor. And tell us what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Let it ſuffice, I'm come to keep my word.
But where is *Kate?* I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

Hor. See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me, thus I'll viſit her.

Bap. But thus I truſt you will not marry her.

Pet. Goodſooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I could change thoſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myſelf.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good-morrow to my bride,

And

And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs?
What, ho! my *Kate*, my *Kate!*

[*Exit* Petruchio.

Hor. He hath ſome meaning in this mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better e'er he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and ſee th'event of this.

[*Exeunt all but* Grumio.

Gru. He's gone ſwearing to church with her. I wou'd ſooner have led her to the gallows. If he can but hold it, 'tis well——And if I know any thing of myſelf and maſter, no two men were ever born with ſuch qualities to tame women.—When madam goes home, we muſt look for another guiſe-maſter than we have had. We ſhall ſee old coil between 'em.—If I can ſpy into futurity a little, there will be much clatter among the moveables, and ſome practice for the ſurgeons. By this the parſon has given 'em his licence to fall together by the ears.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Grumio, your maſter bid me find you out, and ſpeed you to his country-houſe, to prepare for his reception, and if he finds not things as he expects 'em according to the directions that he gave you, you know, he ſays, what follows: This meſſage he delivered before his bride, even in her way to church, and ſhook his whip in token of his love.

Gru. I underſtand it, Sir, and will convey the ſame token to my horſe immediately, that he may take to his heels, in order to ſave my bones, and his own ribs.

[*Exit* Grumio.

Ped. So odd a maſter, and ſo fit a man,
Were never ſeen in *Padua* before.

Enter Biondello.

Now, *Biondello*, came you from the church?

Bio. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.

Ped. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Bio. A bridegroom ſay you? 'Tis a groom indeed:
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.

Ped.

Ped. Curſter than ſhe? Why, 'tis impoſſible.
Bio. Why, he's a devil; a devil! a very fiend!
Ped. Why, ſhe's a devil; a devil! the devil's dam.
Bio. Tut! ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:
I'll tell you, brother *Pedro*, when the prieſt
Should ask if *Catharine* ſhould be his wife?
Aye, by Gogs-wounds, quoth he, and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd the prieſt let fall his book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any liſt.
Ped. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe up again?
Bio. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the vicar went to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine; a health, quoth he, as if
H'ad been aboard carouſing to his mates
After a ſtorm; quafft off the muſkadel,
And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
Having no other cauſe, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aſk
His ſops, as he was drinking. This done, he took
The bride about the neck, and kiſs'd her lips
With ſuch a clamorous ſmack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd; and I ſeeing this,
Came thence for very ſhame; and after me
I know the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before— [*Muſic.*
Hark, hark, I hear the minſtrels play.

Enter Petruchio, [*ſinging*] Catharine, Bianca, Hortenſio, *and* Baptiſta.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains;
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding-cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence;

And

And therefore, here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is't poſſible you will away to-night?
Pet. I muſt away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder, if you knew my buſineſs,
You would intreat me rather go than ſtay;
And, honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet and virtuous wife;
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.
Hor. Let me intreat you, ſtay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Bian. Let me intreat you, that my ſiſter ſtay;
I come on purpoſe to attend the wedding;
And paſs this day in mirth and feſtival.
Pet. It cannot be.
Cath. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content.———
Cath. Are you content to ſtay?
Pet. I am content, you ſhall intreat my ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, intreat me how you can.
Cath. Now, if you love me, ſtay.
Pet. My horſes, there; what ho, my horſes, there—
Cath. Nay then,
Do what thou can'ſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I pleaſe myſelf;
The door is open, Sir, there lies your way;
You may be jogging, while your boots are green.
For me, I'll not go, 'till I pleaſe myſelf;
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
To take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Bap. O *Kate* content thee; pr'ythee be not angry.
Cath. I will be angry; what haſt thou to do?
Father be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Hor. Ay, marry, Sir, now it begins to work.
Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I ſee a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.

Obey

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer:
Carouſe full meaſure to her maidenhead;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattles; ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any-thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudeſt he,
That ſtops my way in *Padua*; *Petruchio*,
Draw forth thy weapon, thou'rt beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy wife then, if thou be a man;
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, *Kate*:
I'll buckler thee againſt a million, *Kate*.

[*Exeunt* Pet. *and* Cath.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Hor. Of all mad matches, never was the like.
What's your opinion of your gentle ſiſter?

Bian. That being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly matched.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bridegroom want
For to ſupply the places at the table;
You know there wants no junkets at the feaſt;
Hortenſio, you ſupply the bridegroom's place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſter's room.

Bian. My ſiſter's room! Were I in her's indeed,
This ſwaggerer ſhould repent his inſolence.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all jades, and all mad maſters, and all foul ways! Was ever man ſo beaten? Was ever man ſo raide? Was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were I not a little pot, and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of

my

my mouth, my heart in my belly, e'er I ſhould come by a fire, to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire ſhall warm myſelf, for conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: Holla, hoa, *Curtis!*

Enter Curtis.

Cur. Who is it that calls ſo coldly?

Gru. I piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis.*

Cur. Is my maſter and his wife coming, *Grumio?*

Gru. Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore, fire, fire, caſt on no water.

Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before the froſt; but thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter and my new miſtreſs, and myſelf, fellow *Curtis.*

Cur. Away, you thick-pated fool, I am no beaſt.

Gru. Where's the cook? Is ſupper ready, the houſe trim'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſerving-men in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings, every officer his wedding-garments on? and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready: And therefore, I pray thee what news?

Gru. Firſt know my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtreſs fall'n out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their ſadles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio.*

Gru. *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs——

Cur. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee? tell thou the tale. But had'ſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe, thou ſhould'ſt have heard in how miry a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how

he.

he left her with the horſe upon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore, how ſhe pray'd, that never pray'd before! How I cry'd, how the horſes ran away, how her bridle was burſt, how I loſt my crupper; how my miſtreſs loſt her ſlippers, tore and bemir'd her garments, limp'd to the farm houſe, put on *Rebecca*'s old ſhoes and petticoat; with many things worthy of memory, which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckoning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay,—and that, thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop,* and the reſt: Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear, ho! *Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas,* &c. Where are you?

Enter Nathaniel, Philip, *&c.*

All. Welcome home, *Grumio*—What *Grumio?*

Gru. Welcome you; how now, you; what you; fellow you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready, how near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not———cock's paſſion! ſilence, I hear my maſter.

Enter Petruchio *and* Catharine.

Pet. Where are theſe knaves? What no man at door, to hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe? Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?*

All Servants. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir: here, Sir?
You logerheaded, and unpoliſh'd grooms:
What! no attendance, no regard, no duty?
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain, you whoreson malt-horse drudge,
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel*'s pumps were all unpink'd i'th' heel:
There was no link to colour *Peter*'s hat,
And *Walter*'s dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly:
Yet as they are, here they are come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in,
~~Where is my Slippers first~~ [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sings.

"Where is the life that late I led?
"Where are those"——Sit down *Kate*,
~~And welcome. "Soud, soud, soud, soud".~~

Enter Servants with supper.

~~Why, when, I say?~~ Nay, good sweet *Kate* be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: ~~You villaine, when!~~

Sings.

It was a frier of orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue: You pluck my foot awry,
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*

~~Be merry, Kate.~~ Some water here. What hoa!
Where's my spaniel *Troilus?* Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin *Ferdinand* come hither;
One, *Kate*, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers?——Shall I have some water?

Enter Servant with water.

~~Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.~~
[*Servant lets fall the water.*

You

You whoreſon villain, will you let it fall ?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreſon, beettle-headed, flap-ear'd knave !
Come, *Kate*, ſit down ; I know you have a ſtomach.

Cath. Indeed I have :
And never was repaſt ſo welcome to me :

Pet. Will you give thanks, ſweet *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I ?
What's this, mutton ?

Serv. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it ?

Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meat———
What dogs are theſe ! Where is the raſcal cook ?
How durſt you, villain, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me, that love it not ?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all.
[*Throws the meat*, &c. *about*.
You heedleſs jolt heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves.
What do you grumble ? I'll be with you ſtraight.
[*Exeunt all the ſervants*.

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not ſo diſquiet,
The meat was well, and well I could have eat,
If you were ſo diſpos'd ; I'm ſick with faſting.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expreſly am forbid to touch it :
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better it were that both of us did faſt,
Since of ourſelves, ourſelves are choleric,
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh———
Be patient ; to-morrow it ſhall be mended,
And for this night, we'll faſt for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt*.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

Enter Catharine *and* Grumio.

Grumio. NO, no, forſooth, I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor ever needed that I ſhould intreat,
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that which ſpights me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would ſay, if I ſhould ſleep or eat,
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death!—
I pr'ythee go and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too flegmatic a meat.
How ſay you to a fat tripe, finely boil'd?

Cath. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell,—I fear, 'tis choleric:
What ſay you to a piece of beef and muſtard?

Cath. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Aye, but the muſtard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

Gru.

Gru. Nay, that I will not, you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of *Grumio*.
Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the muſtard, dame, without the beef.
Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'ſt me only with the name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery.
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. How fares my *Kate?*
What ſweeting, all a mort? Miſtreſs, what cheer?
Cath. 'Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits, look chearfully upon me.
For now, my honey-love, we are refreſh'd—
Cath. Refreſh'd! with what?
Pet. We will return unto thy father's houſe,
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales, and things:
With ſcarffs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry.
Now thou haſt eat, the taylor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruſtling treaſure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, Taylor, let us ſee theſe ornaments.

Enter Haberdaſher.

~~Lay forth the gown.~~—What news with you, Sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet diſh: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.

Cath. Why, Sir; I truſt I may have leave to ſpeak,
And ſpeak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears;
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or elſe, my heart concealing it, will break;
And rather than it ſhall, I will be free,
Ev'n to the utmoſt as I pleaſe, in words.

Pet. Thou ſay'ſt true, *Kate*, it is a paultry cap,
A cuſtard coffin, bauble, ſilken pie,
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why ay; come, taylor, let me ſee't.
O mercy, heav'n! what maſking ſtuff is here!
What's this, a ſleeve? 'Tis like a demi-canon;
What up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart!
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſor in a barber's ſhop.
Why, what the devil's name, taylor, call'ſt thou this?

Gru. I ſee ſhe's like to've neither cap nor gown.

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion of the time.

Pet. Marry and did; but if you remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home;
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, Sir;
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Cath. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tay. She ſays, your worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh! moſt monſtrous arrogance!

Thou

Thou lieſt, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own houſe, with a ſkein of thread!
Away, thou rag! thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhall think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt:
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd the gown.

Tay. Your worſhip is deceiv'd, the gown is made juſt as my maſter had direction; *Grumio* gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tay. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with a needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Tho' thou haſt fac'd many things, face not me; I ſay unto thee, I bid thy maſter cut the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo,* thou lieſt.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Tay. *Imprimis,* a looſe bodied gown.

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid a looſe-bodied gown, ſew me up in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a ſmall compaſs cape.

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tay. With a trunk ſleeve.

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tay. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, Sir; Error i' th' bill; I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſew'd upon again, and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be arm'd in a thimble.

Tay. 'Tis true that I ſay, an' I had thee in a place, thou ſhouldſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight; come on thou parchment ſhred! [*They fight.*

Pet.

Pet. What, chickens ſparr in preſence of the kite!
I'll ſwoop upon you both; out, out, ye vermin.——
Beats 'em off.

Cath. For heaven's ſake, Sir, have patience! how you,
fright me! [*Crying.*

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt, mean habiliments:
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the ſun breaks thro' the darkeſt cloud,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
Oh no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolick; we will hence, forthwith
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe:
Go call my men, and bring my horſes out.

Cath. O happy hearing! Let us ſtraight be gone;
I cannot tarry here another day.

Pet. Cannot, my *Kate!* O fie! indeed you can——
Beſides, on ſecond thoughts, 'tis now too late.
For, look, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon.

Cath. The moon! the ſun; it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I ſay it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.

Cat. I ſay it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar; or what I liſt;
Or e're I journey to your father's houſe.
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again;
Evermore croſt, and croſt; nothing but croſt!

Gru. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.

Cath. I ſee 'tis vain to ſtruggle with my bonds;
So be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe;
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.

Pet.

Pet. I ſay it is the moon.
Cath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the bleſſed ſun.
Cath. Juſt as you pleaſe, it is the bleſſed ſun;
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind;
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is.
And ſo it ſhall be for your *Catharine*.
Pet. Well forward, forward, thus the bowl ſhall run,
And not unluckily, againſt the bias:
But ſoft, ſome company is coming here,
And ſtops our journey.

Enter Baptiſta, Hortenſio, *and* Bianca.

Good-morrow, gentle miſtreſs, where away?
Tell me ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her, for her beauty's ſake.
Bap. What's all this?
Cath. Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happy the man whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow.
Bian. What mummery is this?
Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*; I hope thou art not mad?
This is *Baptiſta*, our old rev'rent father;
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.
Cath. Pardon, dear father, my miſtaken eyes,
That have been ſo bedazzled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green;
Now I perceive thou art my reverend father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.
[*Kneels.*
Bap. Riſe, riſe, my child; what ſtrange vagary's this?

I came to see thee, with my son and daughter.
How lik'st thou wedlock? Art not alter'd *Kate?*
Cath. Indeed I am—I am transform'd to stone.
Pet. Chang'd for the better much; art not, my *Kate?*
Cath. So good a master cannot chuse but mend me.
Hor. Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.
Bap. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes!
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
Bian. Was ever woman's spirit broke so soon!
What is the matter, *Kate?* hold up thy head,
Nor lose our sex's best prerogative,
To wish and have our will.—
Pet. Peace, brawler, peace,
Or I will give the meek *Hortensio*,
Thy husband, there, my taming recipe.
Bian. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass.
Pet. Catharine I charge thee tell this head-strong woman,
What duty 'tis she owes her lord and husband.
Cath. Fie, fie, unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
Nor dart such scornful glances from those eyes;
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,
Confounds thy frame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
Pet. Why, well said *Kate.*
Cath. A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch a drop of it.
Bian. Sister, be quiet.——
Pet. Nay, learn you that lesson. On, on, I say.
Cath. Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sov'reign, one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance, commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,

To

To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.

Bap. Now fair befal thee, ſon *Petruchio*,
The battle's won, if thou can'ſt keep the field.

Pet. Oh! fear me not——

Bap. Then, my now gentle *Catharine*,
Go home with me along, and I will add
Another dowry to another daughter,
For thou art chang'd as thou had'ſt never been.

Pet. My fortune is ſufficient, here's my wealth:
Kiſs me, my *Kate;* and ſince thou art become
So prudent, kind, and dutiful a wife,
Petruchio here ſhall doff the lordly husband;
An honeſt maſk, which I throw off with pleaſure.
Far hence all rudeneſs, wilfulneſs and noiſe,
And be our future lives one gentle ſtream
Of mutual love, compliance and regard.
(*Goes forward with* Catharine *in his hand.*)
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her huſband:
And when ſhe's peeviſh, froward, ſullen, ſour,
And not obedient to his honeſt will;
What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?
How ſhameful 'tis when women are ſo ſimple,
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy and ſway,
Where bound to love, to honour and obey.

FINIS

N. Bradwell

EDGAR AND EMMELINE;

A

FAIRY TALE:

IN

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

Of TWO ACTS.

As it is performed at

The THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

LONDON, Printed in the Year MDCCLXI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

EDGAR, ſon to the Earl of *Kent*, diſguiſed as a Woman, under the name of *Elfrida*.	Mr *Obrien*.
FLORIMOND, a Courtier,	Mr *King*.

WOMEN.

EMMELINE, daughter to the Earl of *Northumberland*, diſguiſed as a Man, under the name of *Gondibert*,	Mrs *Yates*.
ELFINA, a Fairy,	Mr *Kennedy*.
GROTILLA, a Fairy,	Miſs *Rogers*.
An attendant Fairy,	Miſs *Wright*.
Other Fairies, Servant, &c.	

SCENE, Windſor Caſtle, *and the Parts adjacent*.

The Muſic compoſed by Mr ARNE, jun.

EDGAR

EDGAR AND EMMELINE.

A

FAIRY TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A dark part of Windſor Foreſt ; *the caſtle in proſpect : one ſide of the horizon tinged with the rays of the ſetting ſun ; the moon riſing on the other. Light muſic. Several fairies enter in groteſque characters, moving to the muſic, and at length forming a ring and dancing.*

Enter another FAIRY.

RECITATIVE.

NOW no more in dells we ſleep ;
Here our revels now we keep,
By the moon, our ſilver ſun---
See, our ſports are now begun !

AIR.

Welcome with thy lambent light,
Welcome, lovely queen of night !
To thy gentle reign belong,
Love, and mirth, and dance, and ſong.

War, and ſtrife, and toil, and care,
Now their works of woe forbear :
Night ſhall now for day atone ;
Give the night to joy alone !

[The fairy mixes with thoſe that dance.

Enter ELFINA, *an old fairy.*

Elf. Hiſt---break off!---My charge receive;
Then renew the ſports ye leave.
[*They leave off dancing; the muſic ceaſes; and* Elfina *beckons firſt one, then another, ſpeaking to them ſeparately.*

When the midnight hour is nigh,
Duteous to your taſks apply.

You, the miſer's haunt be near;
Break his reſt with cauſeleſs fear,
Creak his doors, his windows ſhake,
'Till his iron heart ſhall quake.

You, as gouty humours flow,
Pinch the glutton by the toe.

You, with boding dreams moleſt
Proud ambition's anxious breaſt.

You, with fancied ghoſts affright
Atheiſts in their own deſpight,
Bold by day, the bluſt'ring ſpark
Turns believer in the dark.
Hence—of vice to work the woe,
And the weal of virtue, go!---

[*The fairies go out at one door; and as* Elfina *is going out at the other,*

Enter GROTILLA, *another old fairy.*

Grot. Siſter! ſiſter!
Elf. Whence com'ſt thou?
Grot. I come far.
Elf. What to do? Tell me---
Grot. To confer with you.
Elf. Yonder,---(*pointing to the caſtle.*)
Grot. What?
Elf. The caſtle there—
Grot. Well——
Elf. Contains my preſent care.

Grot.

Grot. Briefly then thy care unfold.
Elf. Mark! it ſhall be briefly told.
Edgar, Emmeline, you knew ---
Grot. Youthful both, and fair and true.
Elf. Thus their deſtiny was read,
While the ſiſters ſpun their thread:

" This youth a maid, this maid a youth muſt find,
" The beſt, the faireſt, both in form and mind:
" Each, as a friend, muſt each eſteem, admire;
" Yet catch no ſpark of amorous deſire!
" Till this be done, no chance ſhall bliſs beſtow;
" When this is done, no chance ſhall work them woe!

Grot. This was publiſh'd at their birth.
Elf. Right; and well 'tis known on earth.
Grot. Bleſt I wiſh them—
Elf. So do I.
Grot. Can you help them—
Elf. Certainly.
Grot. Search the iſland round and round,
None like either can be found.
Elf. Each by each muſt then be ſeen;
But not lov'd——
Grot. Hard taſk, I ween!
Elf. Hard the taſk, I know it well.
Grot. How perform it?—
Elf. I can tell.
Here the king purſues the chace;
All his nobles crowd the place:
Emm'line here a youth appears,
Gondibert the name ſhe bears;
Edgar is a maid in dreſs,
Call'd *Elfrida*—
Grot. Now I gueſs.
Elf. To the youth, the virgin ſeems,
Like himſelf, a youth; and deems,
Like herſelf, the youth a maid;
Neither thus to love betray'd.
Grot. You contriv'd.
Elf. I did—

Grot. But—

Elf. Stay!
Mortal footſteps mark the way.
Vaniſh—quick! and leave me here:
If conjur'd, I muſt appear.

[*Exit* Grotilla; Elfina *retires.*

Enter EMMELINE, *diſguiſed in a man's habit, as* GONDIBERT.

Emm. What a ſituation am I in!—Is this figure really and truly *Emmeline?*—the beloved and only daughter of great *Northumberland?* Every thing about me is ſo like a dream, that I am frighted to think I am awake.—O how weary I am of this dreſs! If I had known half that I ſhould have ſuffered in it, all the fairies in the world ſhould not have perſuaded me to put it on.—If I reſided here in this diſguiſe the month of the king's hunting, I was to break the ſpell I was born under, and my life was to be happy—ſo the fairy told me!—Yet the time expires to morrow, and nothing has happened to me but vexation and diſappointment. I muſt once more ſee this powerful, yet decrepit being, who, though inviſible, is always within my call—This ring, which ſhe gave me, conveens her: if I take it off and touch it thrice, ſhe appears—Once—twice—thrice!

[Elfina *comes forward, and touches her.*

Emm. O fairy! my ſituation is ſuch as I can bear no longer.

Elf. Patience; for it ends to-morrow.

Emm. To morrow!—to-morrow is a thouſand years ——When the horſe has all he can bear, a feather will break his back.

Elf. What's the matter?

Emm. Matter! why, in the firſt place, I have lived almoſt a month in a court—

Elf. That your ſorrow?

Emm. That my ſorrow! yes---I that have always lived in my father's principality, fair *Northumberland*, where a noble ſimplicity of manners ſhewed the heart to be

be open and undesigning, have, by your persuasion and assistance, left it for a place, where hypocrisy is avowed by the name of good breeding; where the most shameful licentiousness is justified as gallantry; dissimulation and perfidy, as address and good management; where self-interest is professed as the first principle of wisdom, and virtue and public spirit derided as extravagance and superstition.

Elf. But your dress was your defence.

Emm. O! it is my dress that exposes me to more than half that I suffer. When one of my own sex is in company, I am comparatively happy; but how unfit for a woman's ear is the conversation of men, when it is not restrained by knowing that a woman is present! I begin to fear that I should not have thought so well even of those men I have been used to converse with, if they had appeared to me as they appear to each other.------ The friendship and confidence of these lords of the creation, have almost robbed me, a weak woman, of my allegiance:——I am frighted at the thought of living among them.

Elf. Fear not vices you detest.

Emm. Fear not! but what must I hope? O fairy! if I have implicitly followed your instructions, if I have hidden them in my breast from every friend, and even from good *Northumberland* my father, let me no longer suffer the anguish of suspense.

Elf. Persevere; believe; confide.

Emm. But I have found no object worthy of my love.

Elf. You must find, and know it not.
Such the Fates ordain'd thy lot!

Emm. I know the mystery of my fate——that the happiness of my life depends upon my seeing and making a friend of the most beautiful and accomplish'd of men, without one thought of love——Alas!——forgive my doubts, my fears—should you—

Elf. Hold! of foul mistrust beware——To morrow!—

Emm. Well then, till to-morrow—

Elf. Soft—unhallowed feet are nigh!—*Florimond*—

Emm.

Emm. O! that wretch haunts me like my ſhadow. To rally me for what he calls my virtue, ſeems to be his ſupreme delight; he is proud of his own inſenſibility to what gives me pain: the confuſion he throws me into, he conſiders as a teſt of his own abilities and accompliſhments; and as vanity is his predominant paſſion, he is ſo aſſiduous to ſecure the enjoyment of his ſuperiority, that I can ſcarce eſcape him one hour in a day.

Elf. He ſhall work thee woe and weal,
As to-morrow ſhall reveal.

Emm. But how? where?—dear, dear fairy!—

Elf. Ha, ha, ha! How and where muſt ſtill perplex ye;
And, in kindneſs, I muſt vex ye—Ha, ha, ha!

[Elfina *diſappears.*

Emm. Gone!—Myſtery! perplexity, and diſtreſs! She ſports too with my anxiety! I almoſt wiſh I had not truſted her: but 'tis too late—Here comes *Florimond*, and my torment begins.

Enter FLORIMOND, *ſinging.*

Flor. Ha! my little *Gondibertus!* have I found you? What all alone *(peeping about)*? Egad I was in hopes there had been a wench in the caſe, and that I might have given thee joy of thy reformation.

Emm. Sir, I chooſe to be alone---Solitude is ſometimes not only uſeful, but pleaſant.

Flor. Why 'tis a fine moon-light evening indeed----But what the devil—

Emm. I have ſufficient ſubject for meditation, Sir; and I hoped that, as there is a ball at the caſtle to-night, you would have been better engag'd than to watch my privacy.

Flor. What! better engag'd than to raiſe ſuch a recruit for the beau monde, as thou art?—Come, come, thou ſhalt not thus ſteal away from good company to thyſelf.

Emm. Sir, upon my word, I'm fit company for none but myſelf at preſent.

Flor. Pſhaw!—what always muzzy, with a diſmal coun-

countenance as long as a taylor's bill! Come, chear up, boy, I've news for thee.

Emm. For me, Sir! (*alarmed*)

Flor. Aye, to divert thee I mean; that's all.

Emm. What, is it any thing uncommon then?

Flor. No faith, not very uncommon neither; though perhaps thou may'ſt make a wonder of it.—'Tis only an heireſs that's juſt run away with a young fellow.

Emm. That, indeed, is not ſo uncommon as might be wiſh'd. But who is ſhe? is ſhe of any faſhion?

Flor. Yes faith, ſhe is of ſome faſhion; *Northumberland*'s fair daughter *Emmeline*, that's all——

Emm. Oh!—

Flor. What, thy virtue is ſhock'd at the licentiouſneſs of the age? Ha, ha, ha?—Or art thou a lover of the fair *Emmeline*'s? hey!

Emm. (*aſide.*) What ſhall I ſay? my confuſion will certainly betray me------'Twas only a ſudden pain ſhot croſs my breaſt—But what particulars do you hear?

Flor. Why it ſeems ſhe got leave of her father to follow him hither; and it is juſt accidentally diſcovered, that ſhe left his caſtle the next day, tho' ſhe has not been here yet.

Emm. Well; but why do you therefore conclude, that's ſhe's gone off with a man?

Flor. Why, only becauſe the duke of *Kent*'s ſon, *Edgar*, diſappeared upon the ſame pretence, juſt at the ſame time; and both have been miſſing ever ſince.

Emm. And is this ſufficient to authorize a poſitive aſſertion to the prejudice of a reputation, which hitherto not ſlander itſelf has preſum'd to ſtain?

Flor. Ha! ha! ha! Not ſlander itſelf has preſum'd to ſtain! Ha! ha! ha. (*Mimicking her.*)

Emm. (*aſide.*) O my heart! what new inſult am I doom'd to ſuffer?—You'll excuſe me, Sir, if, upon this occaſion, I take the liberty to tell you, that your mirth is rather ill-timed; and—

Flor. Sir—do you know this fair lady, that you are ſo much diſpoſed to become her knight-errant?

Emm. (*aſide.*) I muſt be cautious, or my zeal may diſcover

discover me. Sir, though I should not know her, it is my point of honour, never to suffer the reputation of the absent to be wantonly sported away, upon mere circumstances and surmise.

Flor. Your point of honour!—why to be sure all this is very fine. But I'll tell you a secret, my dear—As unstain'd as you may think the fair *Emmeline*'s reputation, there is a certain humble servant of yours, that shall be nameless, who has some *small* reason to think, that a certain piece of brittle ware, which she had the keeping of, may be a little crack'd—or so.

Emm. (*aside.*) A wretch! who never saw me but in this disguise—You are well acquainted with her then?

Flor. Why—I am——

Emm. And pray, what kind of woman is she?

Flor. Why, she's a pretty——upon my word a very pretty wench.

Emm. But is she tall, or short, or brown, or fair?

Flor. You have never seen her, you say?

Emm. No more than I do this moment.

Flor. [*aside.*] Then I may venture——Why, she is fair, tall, and slender; has a fine neck, a very fine neck! her limbs remarkably we'll turn'd, her leg and ancle the finest I ever saw—

Emm. (*distress'd and confounded.*) Oh!

Flor. Aye—I thought I should set you a longing but come, she's not to be had at present it seems; so no more of her.

Emm. I cannot so easily dismiss her as you may imagine; and yet, perhaps, you may mistake the reason.

Flor. Very likely, faith; but what is it?

Emm. Why I am astonish'd, that you make so light of what has happen'd to her; whether you consider it as the loss of a mistress, or whether as a misfortune to a woman you must be suppos'd to have lov'd, and to whom you have had obligations of the strongest and most tender kind: one of these lights you must see it in.

Flor. Why, my dear, as to that, I am extremely easy about losing her; for between you and I—I could spare her. I must, indeed, confess, that I was very fond of her

her once; but 'faith, the obligations were all on her ſide. —It's among ourſelves.

Emm. (*aſide.*) O, my heart! what a monſtrous compound of vanity and lies is this!—How ſo, pray ſir?

Flor. Why, I us'd to meet her in her father's park night after night, at the riſk of my life; and egad, what with the danger, and what with the fatigue, I grew tir'd of her; and to tell you the truth, provided her another lover, to make good my retreat. It's among ourſelves.

Emm. Well ſaid—and who was that, ſir?

Flor. The very ſame *Edgar* that ſhe is now run away with. I thought it would be a pretty thing for him; for he is one of your fighting fellows, that is never ſo happy as when he's in danger----but I'm ſorry he has been ſo indiſcreet.

Emm. Pray, ſir,--excuſe me--I don't pretend to queſtion the truth of what you ſay; but there are ſome difficulties in the ſtory, that I ſhould be glad to have cleared up—If you was ſo much in the lady *Emmeline*'s good graces, and had, as you ſay, no diſlike to her perſon, how came you not to think of marrying her? Such an alliance, I preſume, would not have diſhonoured you—I ſhall confound him now. [*Aſide.*

Flor. Marrying her! Egad, ſhe knew a trick worth two o'that. I would have married her; and I told her ſo: "My dear *Florimond*," ſays ſhe,—her arm was then lying negligently croſs my ſhoulder, thus,--and ſhe look'd archly at me, thus——"My dear *Florimond*," ſays ſhe, "why ſhould you and I, that have now only the power "of making each other happy, ſuffer a doating old "prieſt to give us the power of making each other mi- "ſerable! If you were to be my huſband, you might "ceaſe to be my lover; and then," ſays ſhe, with a moſt roguiſh leer, "perhaps I might be tempted to take "another: you would tyrannize, I ſhould rebel; you "you wou'd enjoy nothing but the hope of breaking "my heart, and I ſhould enjoy nothing but the hope of "breaking yours."

Emm. (*aſide.*) Still, ſtill, I draw upon myſelf more confuſion.—But why then did ſhe run away with *Edgar?*

That

That must ruin her schemes, both of interest and pleasure.

Flo. Nay, how the devil can I tell that?

[Emmeline *walks apart, confus'd and embaras's'd*

Flor. What, in your reveries!—Thou art now musing on some *vartuous* love, like an ever faithful *lovyer tell* death,—ha, ha, ha!—Come, come, pshaw, don't be a fool; some kind wench now would cure you—— Egad, what think you of *Elfrida?*———Come along, we'll call at her apartment: perhaps she's dressing, and we shall be admitted to her toilet. Upon my soul, a fine figure of a woman! a little masculine, that's all; but take my word for it, a delicious morsel for all that!—— Hark ye,—if you are not sheepish, she'll not be coy: it's among ourselves—I tell you, as a friend; 'faith I don't love to monopolize—I'll just tickle up her fancy a little, and leave you together. Come—

Emm. Pray, sir——

Flor. I will, 'faith.

Emm. I must insist—

Flor. Nay, nay, come along, come along.

[*Lays hold of her.*

Emm. Sir, I must absolutely be excus'd at present.

Flor. Why, what a plague is it now that thou hast taken into thy head?

Emm. Sir, I have an affair that at at present requires me to be alone; which I cannot farther explain, than—

Flor. Say no more, say no more. (*aside.*) Egad, I have guess'd it now—A challenge!—why, there's light enough for two people to cut one another's throats by, to be sure—I'll away——Well, my dear if I must leave you to the dew and the moonshine, I must; but d'ye hear——'faith I'll to *Elfrida*—will you attend me? If you don't stay too long, you'll find an *attendrissement*, that you may be oblig'd to your humble servant for; that's all—it's among ourselves.—Adieu. [*Exit.*

Emm. Why, fare thee well, thou wretch, without a name——What will, what can become of me? What is it that prompts this fool, whom as I never knew, I never could provoke to wrong me thus? is it a sacrifice

Ha!

to his vanity? or is it mere wantonneſs and ſport?——Pray heav'n this fairy don't deceive me!—What ſhall I do? I muſt ſee her, and take her counſel in this new diſtreſs.

[*She takes off the ring, and touches it thrice; but the fairy does not appear.*

Ha!—ſure I dream!—Forlorn, deſerted!——this perfidious goblin!—Again I touch it; once and twice—and thrice—and yet ſhe is not here!—O I could—But though I ſee her not, ſhe may be near me, to hear and puniſh the complaints which her unkindneſs forces from me——To whom can I now eaſe my heart!—O! ſacred friendſhip!—but here I have no friend. *Elfrida*—yes, ſhe indeed, as if by ſome ſecret ſympathy, claims my confidence; and my heart tells me, ſhe deſerves it—Yes, I will truſt her with my ſecret: ſhe will be a witneſs for me againſt this ſlander, and aſſiſt me with her advice. [*Exit.*

[*The ſcene changes to* Edgar's *apartment, and diſcovers him at a toilet, dreſſing in the character of* Elfrida; *a woman attending.*

Edgar. Here, give me the ribbons-----Get you gone---I'll call you, when I want you.

Woman. (*aſide.*) This lady has the ſtrangeſt humours! [*Exit.*

Edgar. Was ever man in ſuch ridiculous diſtreſs! I'm ſure I ne'er knew any thing like it, ſince I was *Edgar* the ſon of *Kent*. Here have I had a young tempting girl fiddle-faddling about me theſe two hours to dreſs me, forſooth—with an officious handineſs ſo provoking, that no virtue under that of a ſtockfiſh could endure it patiently. Yet an old woman upon theſe occaſions I cannot bear: and, in ſhort, I can no longer bear a young one—It is my fate, they ſay, to be miſerable, if I don't get acquainted with the fineſt girl in *England*, without wiſhing for her: and I was told by a little goblin that ſtarted up before me, after it had led me, under the appearance of a Jack o'Lantern, into a wood, That if I could ſpend the king's hunting month here in this diſguiſe, all would be right: but how my being in petti-

coats ſhould make me leſs likely to love a fine girl, I cannot conceive! A fine girl, indeed, may be leſs likely to love me; but as to myſelf, it is high time for me to get into breeches, that I may get out of temptation. Here they flock about me------one ſits down juſt before me, and, without any ceremony, ties her garter---another gets me to adjuſt her tucker.-----I'm the witneſs of ſo many pranks, and the confidant of ſo many ſecrets! Then I have my hours of mortification too: I am tormented by a ſwarm of profligate fops, who try to debauch every woman they ſee, with as little concern as they take ſnuff: wretches, who are as deſtitute of love, as they are of virtue; and have as little enjoyment, as they have underſtanding! And here I'm obliged to mince, and piſh, and fye,------and affect to bluſh,------ s'death, when I'm burſting with indignation, and long to knock 'em down------I'll bear it no longer.

ELFINA *ſuddenly appears from under the toilet, and places herſelf before him.*

Edgar. Ha! What again?

Elf. Again.

Edgar. Art thou my good or evil genius? Tell me.

Elf. As you think me, you ſhall find me.

Edgar. I will think thee then my good genius, for I would fain find thee ſo.

Elf. You muſt truſt me too, or elſe——

Edgar. Truſt you!——Look at the figure I make here, and then judge if I have not truſted you.

Elf. But your virtue muſt be tried.

Edgar. Tried!—By what new torments would you try it? Have not I ſuffered the two worſt things in nature, temptation and ſuſpenſe? Have not I——

Elf. No---you have not perſevered: all is loſt, if you give out.

Edgar. Reſolve my doubts then; torment me not longer with ſuſpenſe: let me be certain of the event, and I will be an anchorite, in ſpight of this habit and all its works, a month longer.

Elf.

Elf. Well----Obſerve me then, and learn.

Edgar. (*eagerly.*) What ſhall I learn?

Elf. Patience, *Edgar!*----Fare thee well. Ha, ha, ha! [*A machine riſes under her and carries her away.*

Edgar. Derided, and forſaken!------I doubt this is one of the wanton and miſchievous elves, that tantalize poor mortals for their own diverſion: however, as I have played in the farce ſo long, I'll not ſtop in the laſt ſcene.--

Enter Woman.

Woman. Ma'am, here's my lord Trifle has ſent his compliments to your la'aſhip; and begs to know, whether he ſhall have the honour of waiting upon your la'aſhip to the ball.

Edgar. (*recovering his female attitude and accent*) My compliments, am much obliged to his lordſhip, but am engag'd.

Woman. Yes, ma'am.

Edgar. Harkye—

Woman. Ma'am.

Edgar. Has *Gondibert* call'd here this evening!

Woman. No, ma'am.

Edgar. Nor ſent?

Woman. No ma'am. [*Exit.*

Edgar. There's a man, now, who might atone for the vices of the whole ſex! I am ſo anxious to recommend myſelf to him, even in this diſguiſe; and feel ſuch a reluctance to do any thing that may diſguſt him, even while he thinks me a woman; that when he is preſent, I labour to make my manner ſuit with my appearance, I know not how, by a kind of involuntary effort. How ſtrange is the rapidity with which ſome minds unite!

Enter Woman.

Woman. Ma'am, there's count *Florimond.*

Edgar. Did not I tell you—

Woman. Yes, ma'am; and I told him,—but he ſaid he knew your la'aſhip was at home, and that he muſt ſee you.

Edgar. Muſt ſee me!

Woman Yes, ma'am; and though I told him your la'aſhip was a-dreſſing, yet he would follow me.----O Lord, he's the ſtrangeſt man!---He's here, an pleaſe your la'aſhip.----

Enter FLORIMOND.

Edgar. (*aſide.*) What a farce muſt I now act! Pray heav'n it has not a tragical cataſtrophe!

Flor. My dear goddeſs!

Edgar. Lard, how can you be ſo monſtrous rude!—burſting into one's dreſſing room----and putting one into ſuch flurries— [*He fumbles at pining on a breaſt knot.*

Flor. That your heart beats in concert with mine.—The dear toilet is not more the altar of beauty, than of love.—Permit me the honour, ma'am, of aſſiſting to place that envied ornament on your boſom.

Edgar. Lard, Sir!—I beg—not for the world—you quite confound me——

Flor. (*preſſing*) My life! My angel!—

[*Catches him haſtily round the waiſt, and endeavours to kiſs him; upon which* Edgar *gives him a ſmart blow on the ear.*

Edgar. Nay then there is no expedient—

Flor. (*retreating backward*) Ma'am!——

[Edgar *ſtamps, and* Florimond *ſtarts, and retreats farther back; at the ſame time*

EMMELINE, *as* GONDIBERT, *appears at the door.*

Flor. I proteſt, ma'am,——(*frighted*)

Edgar. (*ſternly*) And I proteſt, Sir,——

Flor. Ma'am, I beg—

Edgar. And I beg, Sir,—

Flor. (*turning and ſeeing* Gondibert) O——Ma'am, your moſt humble ſervant. (*going.*

Emm. (*aſide to* Flor.) Sir——I am under very great obligations to you—but I would not have you tickle up her fancy any more upon my account——

Flor. Duce take you!—I wiſh you had been as near her as I was.

[*Is*

[*Is going, but again ſtops and adjuſts his wig by a pocket mirrour.*

Edgar. (*to* Emmeline, *recovering himſelf, and adjuſting his dreſs*) Lord, Sir—I'm in ſuch a flurry—I, I, I, I'm very ſorry I ſhould have been provok'd to any thing ſo unbecoming the delicacy of my ſex.

Flor. Upon my ſoul, ſo am I too—Sir, your humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

Emm. You have no reaſon to apologize for your indignation, madam; though your blow was ſomething ſpirited, I muſt confeſs.

Edg. I'm in ſuch confuſion, ſir—and he has made me ſuch a figure!—to treat *me* with indecent familiarities!

Emm. Dear madam, compoſe yourſelf, and think no more of him. He has not been much better company to me, than he has to you, I'll aſſure you.

Edg. Lord, ſir, you ſurpriſe me!——Pray, what impertinence has he been guilty of to you?

Emm. He has been filling my ears with ſcandal, madam; a ſubject which ſeems to be equally ſuitable both to his abilities and diſpoſition! He has been telling me, that *Edgar*——

Edg. Who, ſir? (*haſtily.*)

Emm. Edgar, madam, the ſon of the earl of *Kent*—

Edgar. What of him, ſir?——what ſcandal has he ſpread of *Edgar?*

Emm. (*aſide.*) Ha! ſo intereſted!—She loves him, ſure.

Edg. Let me conjure you, ſir, if this wretch has ſaid any thing to diſhonour *Edgar*, you would tell it to *me.*

Emm. (*aſide*) It muſt be ſo—Your very earneſtne's forbids me, madam.

Edgar. I know I'm mov'd, and you muſt think it ſtrange.

Emm. (*ſurpris'd at the maſculine tone and manner into which his earneſtneſs involuntarily betrays him*) Strange, indeed!

Edgar. Perhaps, 'tis ſtranger ſtill than you can think.

Emm. Your manner, madam—

Edgar. No matter—Forms and modes become trifles

too ſmall for notice, when they ſtand in competition with a friend's good name.

Emm. (*aſide.*) Her love is to diſtraction—She frights me, and is not to be truſted——

Edgar. Let me conjure you—tell me—

Emm. I cannot tell you, madam.

Edgar. Cannot!

Emm. I ought not—Truſt me there are reaſons—Let it ſuffice that in the ſtory I have heard, a lady's honour is as much concern'd as *Edgar's*; that the ſlander cannot intereſt you, more than me; that I will do my utmoſt to make its falſhood ſo notorious, that it cannot be believ'd; and I entreat that, as you tender your peace, you would as yet enquire no farther.——I know myſelf not proof againſt your importunity; and therefore you will excuſe me, if having no other way, I ſave myſelf by flight. [*Exit.*

[Edgar *runs out after her, but returns.*

Edgar. Curſe on this cumberſome habit! I cannot overtake him. Was ever any thing ſo vexatious! I have been defam'd by ſome ſcandalous falſhood, and I muſt do my honour juſtice—I can, at a ſmall expence of diſſimulation, get that wretch, *Florimond*, to repeat to me all that he has told to *Gondibert:* I will do it—and I will as yet lie in ambuſh under this diſguiſe, to make ſure of my blow. [*Exit.*

EMMELINE *as* GONDIBERT, *re-enters.*

Emm. She's gone!——What can I, or what ought I to do? If I had told her the ſtory, I muſt have diſcovered myſelf to convince her it could not be true: but who knows what a jealous woman might have thought upon finding the very perſon, who is ſaid to have gone off with her lover, in ſo ſtrange a diſguiſe!——Yet ſhe will certainly contrive to hear it from *Florimond;* and then good heaven! what will ſhe ſuffer, if I do not convince her that it is falſe?—I muſt, I will truſt her——I have no other chance to ſave her, but by making a diſcovery, which if I had really gone off with *Edgar*, it is certain I ſhould not have made, eſpecially to her. But

I muſt

I must not intrude upon her now: I will plant myself where I may intercept her before she can see *Florimond*, and trust to generous friendship for the event. [*Exit.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Terrace at Windsor Castle.

Enter FLORIMOND, *with a Letter.*

Flor. AYE—she was obliged to be angry, because that fool *Gondibert* appear'd just in the critical minute at the door—pox take him!—I might have known it was not natural, by her over-doing it—it was, indeed, overdone with a vengeance! But now she's in the pannics, lest I should resent it. Now she has something to say—and if I am disengag'd,—she will be glad to meet me upon the terrace. If I should humble her now, and not meet her——but that would be cruel. I will, however, take some state upon me—I will look a little formal; it may save me some trouble in my future advances.—Here she comes.

Enter EDGAR, *still disguis'd as* ELFRIDA.

[Florimond *receives him with an air of negligent haughtiness, and makes a formal bow.*

Edgar. Sir, I hope you will not take any advantage of my weakness—

Flor. (*turning from her.*) Weakness! pox on you—Your weakness don't lie in your arm, I'm sure o'that.

Edgar. (*following*) Or suppose, sir, that whatever reason I may have for desiring this meeting—What airs the wretch gives himself! (*aside*)——I say, sir, that you would not suppose—I cannot contain myself!— [*Aside.*

Flor. Poor soul! what confusion! I will relax a little of my severity. (*Aside.*) Madam, I will suppose nothing,

thing, but that you have given me another opportunity of hearing your commands.

Edgar. I think, sir, you was telling *Gondibert* a certain affair between you, and *Edgar*, and a lady; and something that by this manner of telling it, I could not very well understand.

Flor. (*aside.*) Aye—a very good introduction—a love story is a most excellent prelude to a love scene—I perceive we are to adjourn—Why, madam, a certain fair called *Emmeline*, has thought fit to make *Edgar* as happy, as any man can be made, except him, madam, whom you shall please to honour with the same favour---Upon my soul, she's a fine creature!

Edgar. Sir, your compliments really put me so out of countenance- -that I shall blush to death --

Flor. Your blushes are so becoming, madam, that—

Edgar. Give me leave, sir, to entreat that you would at present spare my confusion, and tell me all the particulars of that affair which have come to your knowledge.

Flor. Aye-·····she wants a luscious description now. (*Aside.*) Why, madam, I presume that *Edgar*, being fir'd with the charms of *Emmeline*, first gaz'd languishingly upon her; caught her eyes the first time they were casually turn'd upon him; when in a soft confusion, she hastily turn'd her look downward and blush'd; he took her hand, first pressing it gently in his own, then raising it to his lips; then, madam, I presume he might proceed to---

Edgar. Sir!·····I shall certainly be out of patience, and knock him down (*aside*)----Sir, if you have any desire to oblige me---or have any expectations, sir, of favours---Not, sir, that I---

Flor. My dear angel, keep me no longer in suspense; let me know your commands, that I may fulfil the condition of--- [*Pressing.*

Edgar (*drawing back.*) Hold, sir----You must then, without further delay or interruption, give me a direct answer to a few short questions.

Flor. Why, madam, it shall then be in your own way.

Edgar. First then, sir, are you acquainted with *Edgar*, the young heir of *Kent?* *Flor.*

Flor. Why, madam, to proceed implicitly as you direct, I believe there are few persons who know more of that gentleman, than your humble servant.

Edgar. (*aside.*) Matchless impudence!----And pray, sir, what kind of a youth is he?

Flor. (*aside.*) I see by her curiosity she don't know him---Why, madam, the youth is a, a, a, rather soft---a green youth, madam, as we say----

Edgar. Sir, these are terms that I do not perfectly comprehend: and, therefore, I beg you would be more explicit.

Flor. Why then, explicitly, madam, he is, upon my soul, a shallow fellow---a very shallow fellow, faith,---It's among ourselves.

Edgar. He is.

Flor. He is indeed madam.--The poor devil has some aukward good nature, and I have a kindness for him; but, between you and I, he'll never be so much a man of honour as I could wish him---

Edgar. (*forgetting his feminine character, and running up to him*) How, villain!---

Flor. (*frighted and drawing back.*) Ma'am!---

Edgar. (*aside*) What have I done! (*he draws himself again into form.*) To think of villany in people that by their rank, are set up as examples to others, quite transports me out myself.---Heigh ho!---It has quite overcome me.

[*Affects to be faint, and takes out a smelling bottle.*

Flor. (*aside.*) What a terrible virago it is!---May I presume, madam, to lend you my hand.

[*approaching cautiously.*

Edgar. It is over, Sir----I'm so subject to flurries---- and my poor nerves are so shattered.----I'm extremely obliged to you for this character of *Edgar*----To have been guilty of any thing base!---

Flor. Very base, I assure you, madam.

Edgar. Sir---(*assuming a fierce masculine air, but instantly correcting himself*)

Flor. Ma'am---(*starting back*) 'Fore Gad, she's mad! and upon my soul, in my opinion, damnably mischievous. (*aside*)---

Edgar.

Edgar. Give me leave, ſir---as well as I am able---to aſk you what in particular has----but I ſee company coming---If we walk this way, we ſhall avoid them.

Flor. (*aſide*) Avoid them!---Heaven forbid!---Perhaps, madam, another time——

Edgar. Sir, I ſhall die, if my curioſity is not gratified.

Flor. Madam—at preſent I am—

Edgar. Sir, I beg—for my reputation, that we may not be ſurpriz'd together, while I am in this diſorder.

Flor. By no means, madam—let us part this moment—If you'll go off one way, I'll go the other.

Edgar. O not for the world!—To be ſeen to part haſtily, upon being obſerved together, would be the ſubject of eternal ſcandal.—Let me beg the favour of your arm—(*lays hold of his arm*)

Flor. (*crying out*) Lard Gad, madam!

Edgar. Sir?——

Flor. You'll pinch it through—

Edgar. Lord, Sir, 'tis my fright— One naturally claſps any thing hard in a fright.

Flor. Madam, you do me honour—

[*Edgar holds his arm; he keeps as far off as he can, and fixes his eyes upon him, as they go out.*

By the heavens! ſhe has the grip of a bum-bailiff. (*aſide*)

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the dark Grove.*

Enter ELFINA.

Elf. Siſter! ſiſter! (Grotilla *ſuddenly appears*)

Grot. ——Here am I.

Elf. Now the fated hour is nigh
Keep the lovers in your eye.
Each to each ſhall ſoon be known;
Each for each was born alone.

Grot. Florimond, the caitiff vile—.

Elf. They ſhall proſper by his guile:
(Evil we for good permit)
This their friendſhip's knot ſhall knit.
But the fated hour is nigh—

Come,

Come, ye elves, whoſe minds perceive,
By ſecret impulſe, what I will;
Come, your ſports this moment leave,
And what I ordain fulfil.
[*Many fairies ſuddenly appear.*
Now the fated hour is nigh,
To rites that charm from ill apply.
Form the circle on the dew, (*they form a ring*)
Round, and round, the track renew;
[*they dance.*
Mark it thrice, and thrice again—
Join with me the magic ſtrain.

SONG.

By the bat's nocturnal flight
O'er the ſleeping plants and flow'rs;
By the moon's inconſtant light,
Potent ſpell of midnight hours—

By the ring of various dies,
Circling oft the ſilver ball;
By the genial miſts that riſe,
By the virgin dews that fall.—

By the meteor's gloomy ſpark,
Wand'ring o'er the reedy lake;
Stars that ſhoot athwart the dark,
Lights from polar ſkies that break.

By Night, and all things that to night pertain.—
Ye rival powers, from adverſe arts abſtain!
Intrude not now my purpoſe to conteſt;
But let the pair that I would bleſs, be bleſt.

Elf. Ceaſe, the fated hour is nigh!—
Ceaſe, and to the caſtle fly!
Careful watch the great event,
Finiſh'd ere the day be ſpent.
[*Fairies and the ſcene diſappear together.*

Enter

Enter EMMELINE *ſtill diſguiſed as* GONDIBERT.

Emm. She's gone out, and I have unfortunately miſſed her—She is certainly got to *Florimond*—Ha! yonder they are—Yes, it is certainly ſo—What violent emotion!—Now they move haſtily forward—Now ſhe ſtops ſhort—her geſtures are ſcarce feminine—Now ſhe recovers herſelf—*Florimond* too ſeems to be frighted out of his gallantry, and extremely willing to put an end to the converſation——'Tis over! he leaves her, and ſhe comes this way.——Yes, I will open my whole heart to her; not for my ſake now, but her own. Whatever are the firſt ſallies of her ſurpriſe and paſſion, he muſt at length feel and return my friendſhip.—Here ſhe comes: I muſt not accoſt her too abruptly.

(*Retires to a little diſtance.*)

Enter EDGAR *ſtill as* ELFRIDA. *Seeing* EMMELINE, *he ſtops ſhort.*

Edgar. Ha! *Gondibert*—I know the generous reaſon, now, of his reſerve. In this diſguiſe, what could my intereſt in *Edgar* appear to him, but love!—and if it had been ſo, how muſt I have been hurt by what he he had to tell me!—But he is not leſs intereſted in the lady—ſo he ſaid!—Sure then he is to *Emmeline*, what he thought *Edgar* was to me!—Let me then repay his generous kindneſs; let me diſcover, not only *what*, but *who* I am, to convince him that the tale is falſe, which, if true, muſt deſtroy his peace. (*Going up to* Emmeline.) —You need not ſhun me, ſir; I have now nothing to aſk, that you would wiſh to conceal: I have only to requeſt, that you would forgive me for having violated your injunction, not to ſatisfy the curioſity you had raiſed. I am appriſed of your kind, your generous motive; and it has inſpired my breaſt with all that it is poſſible I ſhould feel for you, a grateful and ardent friendſhip.

Emm. Your love, madam, I make no doubt, is fixed on

on a much nobler and more deſerving object.—*Edgar*, I preſume—

Edgar. My connection with *Edgar*, ſir, is indeed, in ſome ſenſe, the reaſon why your merit cannot make an impreſſion, which I am not aſhamed to ſay it might otherwiſe have done: and yet, ſir, let me confeſs that I am not affected by the ſtory of his diſappearing with *Emmeline*, as you might reaſonably imagine, becauſe I know for *certain* that it *cannot* be true.

Emm. (*haſtily*) Ha! that it cannot be true—

Edgar. I now owe *your friendſhip* a diſcovery, if indeed it is a diſcovery, which I was prompted by mere *regard to myſelf* to have made before: I think there is a connection between you and *Emmeline*, that—

Emm. There is, indeed, a connection, madam—a ſecret, which you convince me it is now in vain to affect to hide—

Edgar. Let me then claim it—But let me firſt, as a pledge of that friendſhip which I hope ſhall end but with our lives, give, for your ſecret, mine.—

Emm. Do then, nor keep me longer in ſuſpence; for ſtill, the more we talk, the more I am perplexed. (*aſide*) What can *her* ſecret be!

Edgar. Why then, in the firſt place, ſir,—I am—a man——

Emm. (*aſide, with great emotion, which ſhe labours to conceal*) A man!—Good Heaven! what will become of me!

Edgar. And now, let me at once embrace you as a friend: punctilios and forms no longer part us—

[*As* Edgar *advances eagerly to* Emmeline, *ſhe hides her face, and appears in great confuſion.*

Edgar. (*haſtily*) What ails my friend?

Emm. O! you have ruined all my pleaſing project—prevented—but no matter—

Edgar. This is amazing! For heaven's ſake, what d'ye mean?—You was not ſure enamoured of my perſon——

Emm. O! no—You ſtill miſtake——

Edgar. Then tell me my miſtake; for we may now

converſe on even terms: our hearts may now be opened to each other, without the forms and the reſerve preſcribed in friendſhips with the ſofter ſex.

Emm. O! ſtill you wander, wide and wider ſtill—I cannot ſpeak—

Edgar. You muſt—There is a ſecret, which, but now, your heart was ready to reveal—

Emm. And then I thought it known—but now——

Edgar. Now my warm heart has claimed you for my friend——

Emm. And now to tell it is impoſſible—I cannot tell it—and if I could, you would not find the friendſhip that you hope——

[Edgar *looks earneſtly at her, wond'ring and embaraſs'd.*

(*aſide*) I ſicken at his ſight—Oh my heart!

Edgar. I'm all perplexity and wonder!—Your colour comes and goes, like a ſick girl's — (*She becomes more confuſed, as he marks her confuſion*)—You tremble!—Heav'ns! he faints!—(*he catches her in his arms, and diſcovers her breaſt*) By all my wonder and my joy, a woman!—How lovely her confuſion!—O let my boſom warm thee back to life! Look up, and truſt the honour of my love: you ſhall not whiſper what you would conceal; nor will I ſeem to know it. [*She recovers.*

Emm. O! let me hide me from myſelf—my ſex thus known——in this diſguiſe! Where ſhall my conſcious bluſhes find a veil!—Who are you? Tell me, that I may hide me from your ſight for ever.

Edgar. O! no—On that condition, let me ne'er be known.

Emm. Yet tell me—truſt me—

Edgar. Truſt thee! Yes, with my life I'd truſt thee. Thy friend—O! know me by a ſofter name—is *Kent*'s young heir; that *Edgar* you have heard ſo faſely and ſo wantonly traduc'd.

Emm. Still wonders crowd on wonders!

Edgar, I dream myſelf, or this is all enchantment.

Emm. So might you think, indeed, if more you knew m'.

Edg.

Edgar. Let me then know thee more, whom now I know as the moſt fair and gentle of thy ſex; whom yet I ſaw and lov'd without deſire—my pledge of happineſs! May I be thine!-- but yet I rave—thy fate was not like *Edgar*'s—

Emm. Spare me—thy words have pow'r, which yet thou know'ſt not.

Edgar. O! take me from the rack! My thoughts grow wild!—There is, indeed, a maid, whoſe fate I've heard was ſuch as mine—that *Emmeline*—O! heav'n, that *Emmeline*, in whom I thought thy intereſt, love! O! yes, it muſt, it ſhall—thou, thou, art ſhe!

Emm. Leave me, or I ſhall die with my confuſion---

Edgar. Let me ſupport thee, hide thee in my breaſt, where thou ſhalt breathe thy anſwer in a ſigh.——Art thou not *Emmeline*, my fated love?

Emm. If *Emmeline* be thy fated love—I am—

Edg. Still let me claſp thee cloſe, and cloſer ſtill; calm all the tumults of thy feeling mind, and ſooth thee into confidence by love.

Emm. No, let me now retire: for, in this dreſs, I cannot bear to ſee myſelf, or you.

Edgar. Yet ſtay---forgive the violence I do you--My fame and yours are wantonly traduc'd; 'tis fit that we do juſtice to them both, and puniſh the traducer.

Emm. He is not worth reſentment.

Edgar. He is for others ſakes, though not his own. ---I have a thought, would *Emmeline* but join---

Emm. Tell me then quickly.

Edgar. Send him a challenge in behalf of *Emmeline*, as *Gondibert;* and meet him, not as *Gondibert*, but *Emmeline:* I will take care to be preſent, not as *Elfrida* but *Edgar:* he will then be ſelf-convicted as a liar, by knowing neither of the perſons he has defam'd; and we may farther puniſh him as we pleaſe.

Emm. Well, I will try at this: but now diſmiſs me.

[*She breaks from his hand, and runs off.*

Edgar. Farewel, my love!---How has the hand of heav'n vouchſafed to guide me through all the mazes of my fate, to bliſs! Even my revenge, my juſtice rather,

upon that wretch, whose very folly is invenom'd, shall be compleat—But a mind so base can never be brave—Suppose he should not come—He's here.

Enter FLORIMOND. *Seeing* EDGAR, *he stops short.*

Flor. God take me—this damn'd madwoman is certainly fated to be my death.

[Edgar *advances towards him; he draws back, and looks frighted.*

Edgar. Sir, I am so shocked when I reflect upon the indecorums that my passions have made me guilty of to you, and my poor spirits are so flurried, that I really am not able to make my 'pology.

Flor. Ma'am, I'm extreamly sorry----and ma'am----I must absolutely fly from your ladyship's apology.----

[*Going.*

Edgar. Sir, I must beg the favour of your ear for a few minutes---I hope, sir, you will pardon my confusion ----I have something to say to you, sir, that----Let me beg, sir, that you would come a little nearer---

Flor. (*aside*) Pox on her----she wants to fasten her damn'd claws upon me again---(*To her*) Your commands, madam, always do me honour---And upon my soul always leave me black and blue. [*Aside.*

Edgar. I have just heard, sir, something that has fluttered me to such a degree---

Flor. (*aside.*) Aye----another fright! she'll certainly lay hold of me---(*retiring*) Ma'am--a, a, a, I hope there's no danger threatens your ladyship.---

Edgar. Not directly me, sir; nor indeed much danger to you: but I was willing you should be prepared---

Flor. Danger---prepared---for heav'n's sake, madam, what d'ye mean?

Edgar. Why *Gondibert*, sir---you'll excuse my freedom- -Lard, that I should be so indiscreet---I'm sensible, that the interest I take in the affair, may be liable to constructions of such a nature---that---

Flor. Lord, ma'am, if there is any villainous design against me, I beseech you to let me know it---(*looking about*)

about.) Perhaps we had better change our ground; ſome villain may be taking aim at me as I ſtand.

Edgar. You need not be under ſuch apprehenſions, ſir; it is a matter of no conſequence---It is only, that *Gondibert* is to ſend you a challenge, for the liberty you have taken with lady *Emmeline*; that's all---

Flor. Oh, if it's only an intention of *Gondibert* to cut my throat, to be ſure that's a matter of no conſequence ---A bloody-minded ruffian! [*Aſide.*

Edgar. Why, ſir, to my certain knowledge, *Gondibert* knows no more of a ſword, than a girl of eighteen; and has not a grain more courage.

Flor. (*taking courage*) Why, as to that, madam---

Edgar. As to that, ſir I am confident it would make no difference to you; but as I know he wont fight, and only preſumes upon an inſolent opinion, that count *Florimond*'s courage is as queſtionable as his own---

Flor. (*bluſtering.*) How, madam!

Edgar. Lard, ſir, if you are ſo violent, I ſhall certainly fall into my tremors --I ſhall certainly want the ſupport of your arm.

Flor. (*aſide.*) Mercy upon me! and I ſhall want but very little killing afterwards, if you do.

Edgar. I ſay, ſir, I think he ſhould be properly expos'd; and I hope you'll act accordingly.

Flor. Madam---excuſe me---a coward is my averſion; and you may depend upon his being chaſtiſed with moſt exemplary ſeverity---but I ſhould be ſorry to miſtake his character (*aſide*)---You know he wont fight?---

Edgar. (*a little haſtily*) Sir, if you ſuſpect my veracity---

Flor. O! Lord, madam---no not in the leaſt.

Edgar. You'll excuſe me, ſir: I am really aſhamed---of the liberty I have taken----Sir, your humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

Flor. Madam, your moſt obedient---Thank heav'n, ſhe's gone---It was a lucid interval; but it would not have been of much longer continuance. I'm obliged to her though, for her information---indeed I am---Egad,

I'll make a figure in this buſineſs---But if the challenge is coming, I muſt be at home to receive it [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the dark Grove.*

Enter ſeveral Fairies.

1ſt Fairy. Come away, come away!
We have jubilee to-day.
2d Fairy. Wherefore, wherefore?
3d Fairy. Tell me.
4th Fairy. Tell me.
1ſt Fairy. E'er the ev'ning ſhades the dew,
You ſhall know, and you, and you.
2d Fairy. What is finiſh'd?
3d Fairy. What is plann'd?
1ſt Fairy. Peace---the ſiſters are at hand.

Enter ELFINA *and* GROTILLA, *with many Fairies in groteſque Characters.*

Elf. Now we triumph!—now 'tis paſt!
Spells are broken, joy ſhall laſt!
Let the voice of muſic riſe;
Muſic, grateful to the ſkies.

AIR, *with Chorus.*

We triumph, we triumph, with victory bleſt;
And beauty and truth are of pleaſure poſſeſs'd.
Let mortals be told, and rejoice in the ſound,
"No lovers henceforward by fate ſhall be bound:"
There's now no conditions of pleaſure but two,
Which they all may fulfil—to be tender *and* true.
Da Capo.

Elf. Now let every elf and fay
Dance the laughing hours away:
Let your nimble feet rebound,
Lightly from the daiſied ground;
Trip it round, and round, and round. [*A dance.*
Elf. (*ſtopping ſuddenly.*) Hiſt—a mortal foot is nigh--
None muſt here remain but I.
[*Exeunt all but* Elfina, *who retires to the back of the ſtage.*

Enter FLORIMOND.

Flor. This is the place, and this is the time—but I see no signs of my little *Gondibertus*—Ha! here comes a *bona roba*, whom I have not the honour to know—Egad this affair will turn out with an eclat—very much to my honour——I'll make the most of it: I'll let her into my business here, without seeming to see her.

[Emmeline *enters in her own habit, and observes him; he affects not to see her, but walks hastily to and again, often looking on his watch, affecting great impatience, and speaking as to himself.*

A poltron! not to meet me upon his own challenge——I'll make him know what it is to insult a man of honour—If the wretch had met me, I would have given him his life; but now to spare him—a scandal to mankind! Ha! (*affects to be surpris'd at seeing* Emmeline.) 'Death, interrupted and discovered!——(*half aside.*) Madam—I protest I am confounded—I am afraid that my natural impetuosity has a, a, a—

Emm. Sir, I am very sorry that I should have intruded upon your privacy; but, perhaps, I have prevented something that would have had worse consequences.

Flor. Madam, I am not at liberty—

Emm. By these few words, sir, which just now involuntarily escaped you, I know that you are waiting here upon an affair of honour—but I intreat—

Flor. Madam, it is impossible—nothing but his life can atone for the insult.

Emm. You will excuse a woman, though a stranger, sir, upon such an occasion: may I intreat to know, sir, who has had the misfortune to incur the resentment of a gentleman, who seems so little to deserve ill treatment, and so able to punish it?

Flor. Madam, you do me honour—She is making advances already (*aside*)——Why, madam, as the treatment I have received makes it an act of injustice to tell, what I should otherways rather die than discover, I will comply with your request——Hem! A little dirty dependant upon the court here, madam, one *Gondibert*, thought

thought to ſend me challenge, upon account of ſomething I happened to ſay concerning a lady, in whoſe good graces I happen'd to be, and whom a fooliſh young fellow, that I was a friend to, has thought fit to run away with; and madam, though I have ſo far treated him like a gentleman, as to accept his challenge, he has not come to the place appointed, and it is now half an hour paſt the time.

Emm. (*looking out*) Methinks I ſee ſomebody at a diſtance, coming this way; perhaps that may be the gentleman—

Flor. (*ſtarting and looking out as afraid*) Ah! egad that's certainly he—(*aſide.*) Now if he ſhould not be a coward at laſt——Madam a, a, a, for God's ſake retire —for—a, a, a.

Emm. Sir, I believe it will not be neceſſary; for I'm pretty ſure now, that the gentleman is a friend of mine--

Flor. A friend of yours, madam! pray who is he?

Emm. A gentleman, ſir, who, I am ſure, will be extremely glad to be better known to you.

Enter EDGAR *in his proper dreſs.*

Emm. (*aſide.*) Yes, 'tis he, 'tis *Edgar!* With what elegance and dignity he looks the man!

Edgar. (*aſide.*) How ſoft, how lovely in her female dreſs!

Emm. (*to Florimond.*) Sir, as we are now no longer alone, I may confeſs, that I am not altogether a ſtranger to your perſon or your merit. (*To Edgar*) Sir, this is *Florimond*, a gentleman to whom both you and I have ſome obligations, which I believe he is not at preſent aware of.

Flor. Upon my word, madam, you abſolutely confound me----this exceſſive honour---is it poſſible that I ſhould have been ſo happy, as to confer obligations---pray, madam, may I crave the honour of your name?

Edgar. Do you not at all recollect that lady, ſir?

Flor. Upon my ſoul, ſir, I cannot ſay that I do.

Edgar. Who, now, do you think it can poſſibly be, of all that your polite generoſity has oblig'd?

Flor.

Flor. Let me parish, sir, if I can tell.

Edgar. Why, sir, that lady is one *Emmeline*; with whom, as she tells me, you was formerly most intimately acquainted; and whom you lately conversed with, sir, in disguise, by the name of *Gondibert*: its among ourselves.---What! quite confounded, sir!

Flor. (*recovering himself*) Ha! ha! ha! confounded! Ha! ha! ha! No, no, sir: you have had your jest, and I have had mine. I knew well enough who I was talking to, when I play'd upon the little *Gondibertus*---Ah! I thought I should make you smart for your frolic---I told *Elfrida* my whole scheme---

Edgar. You told *Elfrida* your whole scheme—

Emm. But pray, sir, as you did not know my person in my own dress, how came you to know me in disguise?

Flor. Why, madam, to confess the truth, I was let into the secret by a friend. (*aside.*) Egad, this goes swimmingly—

Edgar. Well, sir; but pray give me leave to bring you acquainted with a person, who, I'm sure, you are at present totally a stranger to---Pray, who do you think I am?

Flor. (*aside,*) Heaven knows! but I wish I was fairly out of your clutches-----Upon my soul, sir, I have not the honour to know you, any otherwise than as a gentleman, whom I should be extremely proud to consider as my friend.

Edgar. Why, sir, I have the honour to be one *Edgar*; a very shallow fellow, sir, that you had some kindness for, because he was aukwardly good-natured: I have also had the honour to receive several of your civilities, under the name of *Elfrida*---Its among ourselves.

Flor. Sir your most humble servant---I have at this time some urgent business---

Edgar. So have I, sir; and therefore you must not leave me yet---You may remember, sir, that you told me your whole scheme to punish *Emmeline* for her frolic, and to mortify her with stories of herself by way of joke.

Flor. Sir, I beseech you---

Edgar. Sir, I am extremely sorry for the occasion; but

but as this lady has not got her fighting cloaths on, you muſt excuſe me if I take her challenge upon myſelf; and ſo ſir---(*draws*)--- its among ourſelves.

Emm. What has my thoughtleſs indiſcretion done!

Flor. Ah, dear ſir, now you are too ſerious--

Emm. This muſt not be—For heav'n's ſake, *Edgar*, hear me!

Edgar. Fear not, my love—Sir, whatever you may think, this is but ſport to what is to follow—and ſo, ſir, without more words—

Flor. O Lord, ſir!—I beſeech you, madam—

Emm. For my ſake, *Edgar*—

Edgar. Truſt me—Draw, ſir, or—

Flor. Sir, I don't deſire to do you harm; I don't, upon my ſoul, ſir.

Edgar. Scoundrel, coward, draw!

Emm. Conſider, *Edgar*—

Flor. Ay, do dear ſir, conſider—

Edgar. Conſider what?

Flor. That I am but a poor, miſerable, lying coxcomb, ſir—Indeed, ſir, I am——

Emm. It is better to diſmiſs him, *Edgar*, as beneath your reſentment.

Flor. So it is, indeed, ſir,—a great deal better.

Emm. He is worthy only of contempt.

Flor. It is very true indeed, ſir.

Edgar. Art thou not a wretch, without the leaſt principle of truth or honour?

Flor. Yes, ſir.

Edgar. Art not thou infamous, as a ſlanderer and a coward?

Flor. Yes, ſir.

Edgar. Have not thy very follies the malignity of vices; and is it not a diſgrace to nature, to conſider thee as a man?

Flor. Any thing, dear ſir, if you will but ſpare my life.——If you chuſe any other ſatisfaction, ſir; if you would be content to kick me into ſome dark corner, and leave me, I ſhould think myſelf under infinite obligations to you.

Edgar.

Edgar. Hence then—and be thyſelf thy puniſhment!
[Florimond *runs off.*

As FLORIMOND *runs off,* ELFINA *comes forward.*

Ha!—Fear not, my *Emmeline!* It is a friendly pow'r familiar to my ſight.

Emm. What! is ſhe known to you? — My friend! my guide!

Edgar. And mine!——(*both run and kneel to her.*)

Elf. Riſe both, both bleſt!——

Emm. Forgive my diffidence—When my heart accuſed you, I was overwhelmed with diſtreſs!—Your promiſe to come at my call, was not fulfill'd.

Elf. I came not, that I might ſend you hither: (*pointing to* Edgar) Your friendſhip was the parent of your love.

Edgar. I too have need of your forgiveneſs! pardon my diſtruſt.

Elf. Say no more,—your fathers now
Ought to hear your mutual vow;
Both the royal preſence grace,
Heroes both of *Britiſh* race!
Go, your duties there preſent;
I will anſwer for th' event.
Long may virtue guard your breaſt!
Joy ſhall then be long your gueſt.
[*The fairy diſappears.*

Edgar. She's gone! the kind propitious ſpright, that has led us, hoodwink'd, to the happineſs, which, ſeeing, we had miſs'd.

Emm. Let us then haſte to follow her laſt advice; for I can truſt her now.

A FAIRY behind the ſcenes.

Edgar, Edgar, Edgar!

Emm. Hark! What voice?

Edgar. Perhaps ſome other kind and inviſible being—There's muſic too— [*An overture to a ſong.*

Emm. It comes, another tiny ſpright———It cannot mean us ill—It beckons you—

RE-

These spiteful Fairies rattled round their beds,
And put strange frightful nonsense in their heads!
Nay, while the husband snor'd and prudish aunt,
Had the fond wife but met the dear gallant—
Tho' lock'd the door, and all as still as night—
Pop thro' the key-hole whips the Fairy Sprite,
Trips round the room—"My husband!" madam cries—
"The devil! where!" the frighted beau replies—
Jumps thro' the window——she calls out in vain—
He, cur'd of love—and cool'd with drenching rain,
Swears——"Dem him if he'll e'er intrigue again!"
These were the tricks of old—But all allow,
No childish fears disturb our Fair Ones now.—

Ladies, for all this trifling, 'twould be best
To keep a little Fairy *in your breast:*
Not one that should with moderate passions war;
But just to tweak you—when you go too far.

SEP 30 1912